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No 4

"MEN WITHOUT FEAR"

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DANGER

MARIJUANA
THE BORDER PATROL'S
FIGHT AGAINST
NARCOTICS!

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FISH BAIT
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HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO CATCH A BIG STRING OF
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"Hope this snap makes you feel as good as it does us—your FAST-BITE did the trick—the best catch we've had in our time."—T. C., Canada.

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- Keeps indefinitely. No mess or bother.

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If you want to catch fish, use FAST-BITE Magic Squeeze Bait the next time you go fishing and see the difference. You just squeeze this magic worm-like bait onto your hook. Then watch those fish bite all day long. FAST-BITE's Secret Formula gets speedy action—even works better than live bait. Proved effective with all kinds of fish in both fresh and salt water. Made so it stays on hook in running stream or longest cast. Always ready and easy to use in good weather or bad, in a boat or on shore. Fish the way you like best—cast, troll or still fish. Guaranteed to get results or your money back. Take advantage of our FREE Offer today!



ORDER on This COUPON and GET 6 FREE FISH HOOKS

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Gentlemen: Please send me _____ tubes of FAST-BITE. Enclosed is my remittance in advance for 98¢ plus 10¢ for postage for one tube or \$1.89 plus 20¢ for postage for 2 tubes. Ship my FAST-BITE order postpaid including 6 FREE BIG BEND FISH HOOKS. If not delighted with FAST-BITE it is understood I can return in 10 days for full refund but the FISH HOOKS will be mine to keep and use.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

FREE OFFER!

You will receive 6 BIG BEND Finest Assorted FISH HOOKS Absolutely FREE to Keep and Use if you Order FAST-BITE ON THIS COUPON TODAY.

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THE BORDER PATROLS' NEVER ENDING FIGHT AGAINST NARCOTICS!



IT LOOKED TO BORDER PATROLMEN ANDERSON AND KANE LIKE A ROUTINE JOB OF TRACKING DOWN A FEW WETBACKS, BUT INSTEAD THEY RAN HEADLONG INTO MURDER AND...

MARIJUANA

BORDER



SHORTLY AFTER DAWN ON A DAY IN THE SPRING OF 1950, U.S. IMMIGRATION HI ANDERSON AND FRANK KANE WERE 'CUTTING SIGN' IN A STRETCH OF LONELY ARID COUNTRY ALONG THE BANKS OF THE RIO GRANDE RIVER...

GIVE A LOOK THERE, FRANK!

YEAH, WETBACKS PROBABLY. LET'S EXAMINE CLOSER.

AT LEAST TWO OTHER MEN WALKED IN THE SAME PRINTS OF THE LEADER, GOING AWAY FROM THE RIVER. ONLY ONE MAN WENT BACK TO MEXICO. SO THAT MEANS TWO ARE STILL OVER HERE!

THESE PRINTS ARE FRESH. MAYBE WE CAN OVER-TAKE 'EM...

THE TRAIL LED ACROSS ARID COUNTRY FOR A QUARTER OF A MILE, AND THEN...

SEEMS LIKE WE'VE LOST THE TRAIL HERE IN THE STONY ARROYO. WE'D BETTER SPLIT UP

I'LL TRAVEL WEST ALONG THE ARROYO BOTTOM. YOU GO EAST. ONE OF US SHOULD PICK UP THE TRAIL AGAIN.

HI ANDERSON TRAVELED ALONG THE ARROYO BOTTOM FOR TWENTY MINUTES...

HERE IT IS! WE TURN OFF HERE, BOY... GIDDAP...

IF I'M NOT TOO LATE THOSE FUGITIVE MEXICANS OUGHT TO BE HIDING IN THAT BRUSH UP AHEAD, WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO GET THEM AWAY FROM THE BORDER...

YES... THERE THEY ARE NOW! I SEE 'EM!

ALL RIGHT, COME OUT OF THERE! HURRY UP! *VAMOS! VEN APRISA!*

ALL RIGHT, WISE GUY!

WHA... AHGGGHH..



THE... DIRTY... RATS... IF I...
CAN... ONLY WING... 'EM...
BEFORE... THE END...



M
E
A
N
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I
L
E

SOUNDS LIKE HE'S IN PLENTY
OF TROUBLE! GUESS WE
SHOULDN'T HAVE SEPARATED!



A HALF HOUR LATER...

DEAD! SHOT FULL OF HOLES!
HE WAS AMBUSHED! I'LL GET
THE RATS WHO DID THIS IF I
NEVER DO ANOTHER THING!



CALMLY AND CAUTIOUSLY SURVEYING THE SURROUNDING TERRITORY, FRANK KANE FINALLY ADVANCED SLOWLY TOWARD THE BRUSH FROM WHICH HI ANDERSON HAD BEEN AMBUSHED.

I'LL BE DARNED! THESE WETBACKS... THESE REFUGEE MEXICANS... DEAD ALSO!

SHOT THROUGH THE BACKS OF THEIR HEADS. BLOOD IS FRESH, TOO... MUST HAVE BEEN KILLED ABOUT THE SAME TIME HI WAS SHOT! HI COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT!

SOMETHING IS MIGHTY ROTTEN HERE!

KANE LOOKED AROUND, AND SPOTTED THE TRACKS OF THREE MEN... THESE WERE THE MEN HE WANTED!

WHY... IF THEY TOOK IT ON THE LAM, DID THE KILLERS RUSH OUT INTO THE FLAT COUNTRY INSTEAD OF TAKING TO THE HILLS? THERE'S NO PLACE TO HIDE THE WAY THEY HEADED!

I GET IT NOW! THEY WERE PICKED UP HERE WHERE THE TRAIL ENDS! PICKED UP BY HELICOPTER!

PATROLMAN KANE LOADED THE MEXICAN DEAD ON ANDERSON'S HORSE AND CARRIED HI ANDERSON'S BODY WITH HIM ON HIS OWN ANIMAL AND RETURNED TO HIS POST. LATER...

THOSE WETBACKS WERE KILLED BY THE SAME GUNS THAT MURDERED HI, FRANK, AND WE WON'T REST UNTIL WE TRACK THEM DOWN!

I HAVE AN IDEA, TOO, CHIEF.

THE KILLERS WON'T RETURN, BUT THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THAT MORE WETBACKS WHO DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT SUDDEN WILL GATHER THERE!

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, IT'S WORTH A TRY, I'LL CALL IN ALL THE AVAILABLE MEN AND WE'LL WAIT AT THAT SPOT...

THAT NIGHT AT THE RIO GRANDE...

TONIGHT EES DARK, NO HAVE TO WALK IN SAME FOOTPRINTS, WHEN REACH SHORE, FOLLOW QUEEK.

THERE THEY ARE GUYS!



WHO BUYS
THE WEED
FROM YOU?
WHO TOLD
YOU TO BRING
IT WITH YOU?

SEÑOR, PLEASE!
GRINGO PROMISE
JOB... NO TELL
NAME!

I THINK WE'LL
TAKE 'EM INTO
TOWN, KANE. A
VISIT TO THE
MORGUE MAY
BE WHAT
THEY NEED.



LATER, AT THE SUBDISTRICT POST...

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER,
FRANK. THESE SACKS
WERE THE PRICE OF
BEING SMUGGLED INTO
THE COUNTRY!

MARIJUANA!
WE'VE RUN INTO
SOMETHING BIG!



TWO HOURS LATER AT THE MORGUE...

AAAAAAAAAAAAA!
NO! NO! EES PEDRO!
MY BROTHER! WHY!
HEE'S HERE?

IT MIGHT HAVE HAP-
PENED TO YOU MEN.
TOO THE SAME ONE'S
KILLED PEDRO.
YOU READY TO TALK?



THE INFORMATION GLEANED FROM THE MEXICANS WAS ONLY MEAGER, THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO HAD CONTACTED THEM AND THE PLACES HE GENERALLY OPERATED. IT WAS A STARTING POINT...



KANE AND PATROLMAN NORMAN UNDERHILL WERE ASSIGNED TO TRACE DOWN THE INFORMATION ... INFORMATION THAT LED TO A CITY IN THE NORTHERN PART OF THE STATE... AND TO A HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY...



...A DRAB HOUSE WITH CLOSED SHUTTERS, AND TO A MISERABLE CHARACTER NAMED SAM COOK...

HEY, YOUSE GUYS, STEP ON IT! THE BIG SHOT'S GONNA TAKE DELIVERY T'MORRA NIGHT!



KANE AND UNDERHILL HAD WORKED CLOSELY WITH THE NARCOTICS DIVISION OF THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE AND THEY HAD COME CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE IMPORTANT ONE... THE BIG SHOT...

THERE'S YOUR DOUGH, SAMMY. I'LL LOAD THE REEFERS IN MY CAR. CAN'T WASTE TIME HERE...



THEN THE LIGHTNING STRUCK...

YOU'VE WASTED JUST A LITTLE TOO MUCH TIME ALREADY, PAL!

COPS! WHY YOU...



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!

OKAY, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT!



YOU BORDER BOYS PICKED A BIRD THIS TIME, KANE. THE NARCOTICS BUREAU HAS BEEN AFTER MIKE JOYCE FOR A LONG TIME. HE WASN'T THE BIGGEST SHOT IN HIS ROTTEN RACKET, BUT HE WAS THE MOST VICIOUS!

HE'S KILLED HIS LAST LAW MAN. I HOPE HI ANDERSON CAN SEE HIM NOW.



THE END

GOING UP!

BY EDWIN GREEN



Testing experimental jet planes is hazardous now. Trial flights on interplanetary rockets may be tomorrow. But when you stop to think of it, there was as much at stake yesterday when the first human being to ascend in a balloon bet his life against the unknown dangers of the air.

History records the name of that first foolhardy flying man as Jean Francois Pilatre de Rozier, a native of Metz and the superintendent of natural history collections for Louis XVIII. On the 15th of October in the year 1783 he made several ascents. However, he took the wise precaution of tying a length of rope to the balloon, which was the early-day equivalent of a pre-flight wind-tunnel test: His ship was powered by hot air. (Well, what are jets powered with?) He had no difficulty in demonstrating that he could feed the fire kindled in a brazier suspended under the balloon.

The way was thus prepared for aerial navigation, and on November 21, 1783, Pilatre de Rozier and the marquis of d'Arlandes got aboard a free and untethered fire balloon. The experimental flight was made at about two o'clock in the afternoon when the balloon rose to a height of 500 feet and travelled approximately 9,000 yards before it descended. Duration of flight: between 20 and 25 minutes.

Only ten days later the range of flight was tremendously extended when a physicist named J. A. C. Charles left Paris in a 27-foot balloon inflated with hydrogen gas. (Those physicists are still experimenting with hydrogen—only now they explode it.) The craft carried Charles to an altitude of 2,000 feet and two hours later descended at a small town 27 miles from Paris.

Researches on the use of gas for inflating balloons were also conducted at about this time in Philadelphia. The first American craft was apparently constructed by two members of the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. Their names were Rittenhouse and Hopkinson and their model was made of 47 small hydrogen balloons attached to a car or cage. After several tests in which animals were let up to a certain height by a rope, a carpenter named James Wilcox was hired for a very small sum of money to take the place of the animals. The ropes were cut as soon as he was airborne, and he remained in the air about ten minutes, the first commercial pilot in the world.

To get back to the earliest pilot—Pilatre de Rozier. He continued experimenting and when he heard that the English had flown a balloon across the Channel he set out to repeat the exploit in the reverse direction. On June 15, 1785, together with another adventurer named P. A. Romain, he left France for England. For the purpose he had contrived a double balloon which he thought combined the advantages of both kinds. It consisted of a fire balloon 10 feet in diameter being suspended under a gas balloon 37 feet in diameter, so that by increasing or decreasing the fire in the lower bag an ascent or descent could be made without wasting gas.

For half an hour after Rozier and Romain ascended all seemed to be well. Suddenly, the whole apparatus was seen in flames, and the two aviators plunged to the ground from a height estimated at 3,000 feet. Rozier was killed on the spot, and Romain survived only ten minutes longer.

Today a monument marks the spot where the first flying man fell to his death.

Whether it's yesterday, today, or tomorrow, the risk is the same in the final gamble, but now they say the odds against you go up with you.



STOP SMOKING

**TOBACCO COUGH—TOBACCO HEART—TOBACCO BREATH—TOBACCO NERVES...
NEW, SAFE FORMULA HELPS YOU BREAK HABIT IN JUST 7 DAYS**



No matter how long you have been a victim of the expensive, unhealthy nicotine and smoke habit, this amazing scientific (easy to use) 7-day formula will help you to stop smoking—IN JUST SEVEN DAYS! Countless thousands who have broken the vicious Tobacco Habit now feel better, look better—actually feel healthier because they breath clean, cool fresh air into their lungs instead of the stultifying Tobacco tar, Nicotine, and Benzo Pyrene—all these irritants that come from cigarettes and cigars. You can't lose anything but the Tobacco Habit by trying this amazing, easy method—You Can Stop Smoking!

•YOU CAN STOP

- Tobacco Nerves STOP
- Tobacco Breath STOP
- Tobacco Cough STOP
- Burning Mouth Due To Smoking STOP
- Hot Burning Tongue Due To Smoking STOP
- Poisonous Nicotine Due To Smoking STOP
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SEND NO MONEY

**Aver. 1½-Pack per Day Smoker
Spends \$125.90 per Year**

Let us prove to you that smoking is nothing more than a repulsive habit that sends unhealthy impurities into your mouth, throat and lungs . . . a habit that does you no good and may result in harmful physical reactions. Spend those tobacco \$55 on useful, healthgiving benefits for yourself and your loved ones. Send NO Money! Just mail the Coupon on our absolute Money-Back Guarantee that this 7-Day test will help banish your desire for tobacco—not for days or weeks, but FOREVER! Mail the coupon today.

HOW HARMFUL ARE CIGARETTES AND CIGARS?

Numerous Medical Papers have been written about the evil, harmful effects of Tobacco Breath, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Lungs, Tobacco Mouth, Tobacco Nervousness . . . Now, here at last is the amazing easy-to-take scientific discovery that helps destroy your desire to smoke in just 7 Days—or it won't cost you one cent. Mail the coupon today—the only thing you can lose is the offensive, expensive, unhealthy smoking habit!

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Doctor, we can help you, too! Many Doctors are unwilling victims to the repulsive Tobacco Habit. We make the guarantee to you, too, Doctor. (A Guarantee that most Doctors dare not make to their own patients) . . . If this sensational discovery does not banish your craving for tobacco forever . . . your money cheerfully refunded.



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Here's What Happens When You Smoke . . .

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Don't be a slave to tobacco . . . Enjoy your right to clean, healthful, natural living. Try this amazing discovery for just 7-Days . . . Easy to take, pleasant, no after-taste. If you haven't broken the smoking habit forever . . . return empty carton in 10 Days for prompt refund. Mail the coupon now.

STOP SMOKING—MAIL COUPON NOW!

DOCTOR'S ORDERS PRODUCTS

7-Day Tobacco Cure—Dept. 46-A, SENT TO YOU IN PLAIN WRAPPER
1227 Loyola Ave.,

Chicago 26, Illinois

On your 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee send me Doctor's Orders 7-Day Tobacco Cure. If not entirely satisfied I can return for prompt refund.

☐ Send 7-Day Supply, I will pay Postman \$2.00 plus Postage and C.O.D. Charges.

☐ Save 45c on C.O.D. Money Order Fee and Postage by sending cash with Order. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.

☐ Enclosed is \$2.00 for 7-Day Supply, you pay postage costs.

☐ Enclosed is \$4.00 for 2 boxes of the 7-Day Supply for myself and a loved one. You pay postage costs.

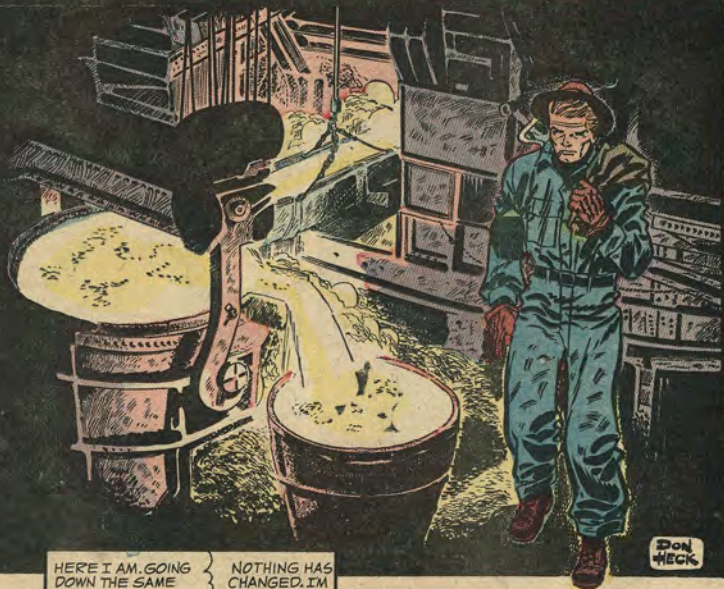
NAME _____ (Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

HE RETURNED FROM
THE WAR... TO THE MILL
HE SO HATED... YET HE
KNEW HE COULD NOT
HELP HIMSELF AND
THAT HE WAS NOW AND
FOREVER A SLAVE OF...

HOT STEEL



DON
HECK

HERE I AM, GOING
DOWN THE SAME
STREET, PAST
THE SAME HOUSES.
AS IF I'D NEVER
BEEN AWAY!

NOTHING HAS
CHANGED. I'M
EVEN GOING
BACK TO THE
SAME LOUSY
JOB, ON THE
ELEVEN TO
SEVEN.

HE HAD
ALMOST
WELCOMED
KOREA.
NOT
BECAUSE
HE
WANTED
WAR, BUT
BECAUSE
HE HAD
A CHANCE
TO
ESCAPE
STEEL
TOWN
AND
THE
MILL.
YET...



HE COULD REMEMBER ANOTHER TIME,
WALKING TOWARD THE OPEN-HEARTH SHED.
HE HAD WANTED THE JOB THEN... DESPER-
ATELY FOR HE WAS ONLY A YOUNGSTER OF 16,
SUDDENLY BECOME A MAN OVERNIGHT...

HE HAD COME UPON THE GREAT OPEN HEARTH FURNACES, WITH THEIR GAPING FURIOUS RED MOUTHS. HE HAD SMELLED THE ACRID ODOOR OF ESCAPING GASES, HEARD THE CLANG OF CHAIN AND WHEEL AND THE SNORT OF LOCOMOTIVE. AND OVER IT ALL HAD COME THE SHOUTED WARNING OF MEN TO LOOK OUT FOR THE LADDER OF BOILING RED HOT STEEL...



HE HAD GONE THEN TO BILL CORRIGAN, THE OPEN-HEARTH FOREMAN...

I'M PAT O'BRIEN, MR. CORRIGAN. DENNIS O'BRIEN'S SON. I'M HOPING I CAN GET WORK.

YEAH, TOO BAD ABOUT DENNY. HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE WHEN THAT CHAIN BROKE...



THERE'S ONLY WORK IN THE PIT... I DON'T KNOW PAT. IT'S PLENTY TOUGH ON A KID. OH, WELL, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO JOE!

I'M NO KID NOW! GOT TO TAKE POPS PLACE. LEAD THE WAY!



THAT WAS PAT'S FIRST MEETING WITH JOE PILSUDSKI, THE PIT BOSS... AND HIS INTRODUCTION TO THE TOIL OF THE PIT...

YOU WANNA WORK, EH? OKAY, GRAB A SHOVEL. NUMBER THREE FURNACE!



PAT WAS STRUCK WITH AWE THAT FIRST DAY. HE WATCHED ALMOST HYPNOTIZED AS A MAN POKED A LONG ROD INSIDE THE FURNACE...



IN AN INSTANT HE HAD SEEN THE REASON. A SMALL TRICKLE OF "COOKED" MOULTEN STEEL BEGAN TO RUN FROM THE FURNACE INTO THE HUGE LADLE...



AND THEN THE STEEL HAD COME IN A TORRENT, DEFEYING EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE TO STOP ITS FURIOUS COURSE...



PAT HAD FELT THE TEMPERATURE RISE HIGHER AND HIGHER AS A SMALL LAKE OF OVERFLOW SLAG AND STEEL SPREAD OUT ON THE EARTHEN FLOOR...



THEY COULDN'T WAIT UNTIL THE SLAG AND STEEL HAD COOLED. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO HARD TO HANDLE WITH A SHOVEL. THE BOOMING VOICE OF JOE NOW ROARED...

CLEAN IT UP! MAKE IT FAST, YOU GUYS! GET IT ALL OFF THE TRACKS!



BEFORE THEY HAD HALF FINISHED THE TEMPERATURE HAD RISEN TO 130 DEGREES. THE MEN HAD SHOUTED FOR WATER. JOE HAD ORDERED THE HOSE PLAYED ON THE SLAG. FROM THEN ON IT HAD BEEN TOUGH...



WATER MAKE SLAG HARD, KEEP. NOW WE WORK, EH?

YEAH! WE WORK!

IF HE LIVED FOREVER, PAT WOULD REMEMBER THAT FIRST NIGHT. REMEMBER THE UTTER DESPAIR HE FELT WHEN HE REACHED HOME EARLY IN THE MORNING...



I WON'T MAKE IT, MA--SOB-- I WON'T EVER BE ABLE TO STICK IT OUT!

DON'T WORRY, PAT! WE'LL GET ALONG! DON'T WORRY, HONEY!



THEN HE HAD GOT MAD... MAD AT HIMSELF MAD AT THE MILL...

BUT I WILL MAKE IT! THAT LOUSY MILL'S NOT GONNA LICK ME!



AND HE HAD MADE IT, ALL RIGHT. HE HAD LIVED STEEL, HAD EATEN IT, SLEPT IT AND MOST OF ALL STUDIED IT. HE WAS EIGHTEEN WHEN THE JAPS STRUCK AT PEARL HARBOR. HE REMEMBERED BUT HE HADN'T BEEN DRAFTED BECAUSE OF HIS MOTHER AND TEN YEAR OLD SISTER...

HE HAD FOUND TIME AFTER THAT TO FALL IN LOVE WITH ANNA YACULICKS, WHOSE FATHER WORKED IN THE MILL...



HE'D BEEN TAKEN OUT OF THE PIT THE FIRST YEAR, BUT IT HAD TAKEN HIM EIGHT YEARS TO BECOME BOSS OF FURNACE NO. 5...



THEN ONE SUNDAY PAT'S WORLD CAVED IN. HE SAW ANNA WITH AN EXECUTIVE FROM THE OFFICE. IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END...



THE END CAME IN DECEMBER 1950. NUMBER 5 HAD JUST BEEN TAPPED, GUS PESAK WAS SEALING THE SPOUT...

PAT HAD BEEN WORKING WITH HIS MEN AT THE FIRE DOOR WHEN...

AIIIIIVVVV! HELP! MY GOD! AIIIIIIIIII!



HE HAD RUN TO THE EDGE OF THE PIT. PESAK WAS SCREAMING...

SEAL'S BROKE, PAT! BROKE! BROKE! THEY DIE! THEY DIE!!



WHEN PAT REACHED THE EDGE OF THE PIT THERE WAS NOTHING ANYONE COULD DO FOR THREE OF THE MEN...



...NOTHING BUT HANG ON AND TRY TO KEEP FROM BEING SICK... TO KEEP FROM REMEMBERING THE DAYS DOWN THERE...

STEEL! STEEL!
IS A MONSTER!
A TORTURER!!
A MURDERER!!



HE HAD GONE HOME WITH HIS HEART IN HIS THROAT. THAT MORNING, MAYBE HE WOULD NOT HAVE QUIT THE MILL. HE WASN'T A QUITTER, BUT WHEN HE REACHED HOME... HIS MOTHER AND THERESA WERE WAITING...

PAT... IT CAME... FOR YOU... FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT! OH, PAT!



MY DRAFT NOTICE, MA. I'M NOT STAYING OUT THIS TIME! THERESA'S WORKING IN THE OFFICE... MA... I HAVE TO GO!

ALL... RIGHT... SON!

OH... MA!... PAT!



PAT HAD SERVED HIS TIME... ALL OF IT IN THE WAR THEATER, BUT STEEL HAD MADE HIM HARD AND TOUGH. HE HAD TAKEN WAR IN HIS STRIDE AND HAD GIVEN IT EVERYTHING HE HAD...

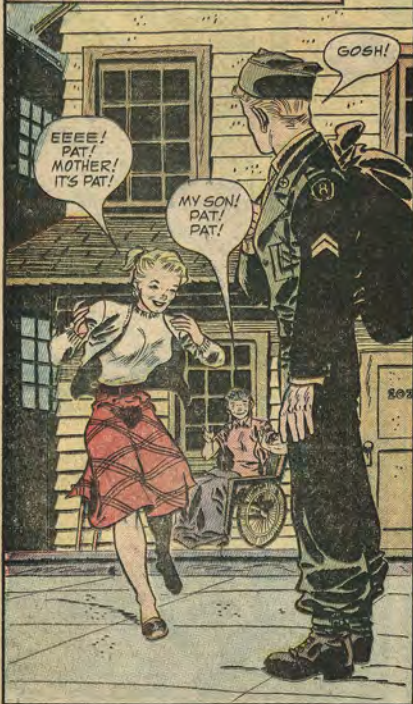


THEN IT WAS OVER FOR HIM... HE HAD SERVED WELL AND WAS BEING SENT HOME. WAR HAD TAUGHT HIM MANY BITTER THINGS, BUT ONE THING HE LEARNED...



WHEN I GET BACK, I'M THROUGH WITH STEEL. MAN, I'M GOIN' OUT INTO THE COUNTRY, WHERE THE AIR YOU BREATHE IS AIR... NOT COKE SOOT!

AND THEN ALL AT ONCE HE WAS... HOME!



GOSH!

EEEE!
PAT!
MOTHER!
IT'S PAT!

MY SON!
PAT!
PAT!

AND HOW IS MY GIRL!



ALL RIGHT, NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, MY BOY! EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT NOW!

THEN LATER...

SIS... WHAT'S WITH MA? AND YOU... YOU LOOK WORN OUT!

I COULDN'T BRING MYSELF TO WORRY YOU... BUT... MA... CAN'T LAST... MUCH LONGER... THERE WAS AN OPERATION...



BUT PAT! NOW YOU'RE HOME, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT! YOU'LL SEE, IT WAS PRETTY AWFUL! TRYING TO... GET ALONG ON MY SALARY... AND CARE FOR MA...

IT'LL BE OKAY NOW HONEY. I... I MAKE BIG MONEY AT THE MILL...



I'M NOT SORE ABOUT DOING IT FOR MA AND THERESA... I'D DO ANYTHING FOR THEM, BUT IT'S A SORT OF DREAM BLOWN TO BITS.

AND THE MILL AND STEELTOWN... THEY'RE TOO FULL OF MEMORIES... OF ANNA... AND THE MEN BOILING IN HOT STEEL! HOW CAN I... GO THROUGH WITH IT?



BUT SUDDENLY THERE WERE OTHER MEMORIES... THE SMELL OF BURNING GASES, THE CLANG OF CHAIN AND WHEEL AND SNORT OF LOCOMOTIVE, AND THE WARNING OF MEN... WHO LIKE HIMSELF HAD STEEL IN THEIR BLOOD...



AND YES, SUDDENLY HE FOUND STEEL WAS IN HIS OWN BLOOD AFTER ALL. SOMETHING SWELLED INSIDE HIM WITH PRIDE AS BILL CORRIGAN MET HIM...

BROTHER! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK, PAT! GET OVER AT THAT NUMBER 5, MAN! PUT A BOMB UNDER THOSE JOKERS!

YEAH... YEAH, BILL! MAYBE THEY NEED ONE!



WHAT EVER MADE HIM THINK HE COULD LIVE WITHOUT STEEL AND THE STEEL-MILL? IT WAS **EVERYTHING** HE HAD EVER LIVED FOR! IT WAS BIG: BIGGER THAN ANY MAN OR ANY MILLION MEN. WHY IT WOULD BE TREASON... NOW! **ESPECIALLY NOW!** HE STILL HAD BUDDIES OUT... THERE! THEY NEEDED STEEL AND DARNED IF HE WOULDN'T GET IT TO THEM!

COME ON YOU GUYS! GET THE LEAD OUT! WHAT'S HOLDING UP PRODUCTION?



THE END

STOP crying about PIMPLES



Sebasol Method Supported By Diverse Medical Opinions

Leading medical authorities differ on the importance of various contributing factors to externally caused acne and pimples.

These factors are: diet, vitamin deficiency, personal hygiene, occupational exposures and postural habits.

The Sebasol method recognizes the importance of all these contributing factors and each of them is an integral part of the Sebasol treatment.

The Sebasol method is not designed to relieve all skin disturbances, and is not prescribed to treat individual cases due to systemic causes. But, to our knowledge, the Sebasol method is the only complete treatment of its type offered to sufferers of common skin maladies. Until new facts are discovered, there is nothing known to science which can do more for the relief of bad skin.

Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to the return of the price paid for the Sebasol complete treatment but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** treatment but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** unless you actually see and enjoy a remarkable improvement in your skin condition. The test is at our risk. All you do is return the unused portion of the treatment if not completely satisfied.

Comate Laboratories Inc.

AMAZING NEW TREATMENT FIGHTS PIMPLES* WITH FIRST APPLICATION

Yes, you can stop shedding tears over unsightly externally caused* pimples, acne and blackheads because here is a new method of complete skin care based on the most recent scientific knowledge of complexion problems.

We therefore make an offer so compelling that you cannot, in fairness to yourself, pass up the opportunity it presents.

This offer is made to those who are suffering from bad skin and are earnestly interested in enjoying a clearer—smoother—healthier-looking skin again.

To YOU we offer the fruits of our search for a formula, the best that science has developed for attacking common skin problems. Our experience has convinced us that the SEBASOL method is without equal in overcoming externally caused acne and pimples. We have therefore come to a decision—unprecedented, so far as we know, of taking all the risk ourselves.

YOU GET DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We believe the SEBASOL method of skin care is the greatest aid that has ever been offered to those interested in avoiding the misery of a bad skin. We can and do promise that after a 30-day trial you must see and enjoy a remarkable difference in your skin or we guarantee to refund not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**.

We know we could not make this offer unless the SEBASOL complete treatment is all we say it is.

You want the clearest, smoothest and healthiest skin. That is your birthright. Study our guarantee. We take all the risk. You have the protection of **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**.

ACT NOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

Neglect of acne can result in permanent scarring of your skin so act now! Take the first step—now—toward the good skin you desire. Fill out the coupon and mail—today—for a full 30-day supply. Price \$3.00, only 10¢ a day. Isn't your skin worth the best?



**RUSH
THIS
NO-RISK
COUPON
NOW**

COMATE LABORATORIES INC., Dept. 6006-B,
1432 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Please rush at once the complete Sebasol skin treatment (30 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment or you **GUARANTEE DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK** upon return of the unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find \$3.00 (Cash, Check, Money Order)


☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$3.00 plus postal charges.

Name

Address

City Zone State

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign, add 25 cents. No. C.O.D.



MY FATHER, MY GRANDFATHER...THEY OPENED THE WEST. NO PUNK KID IS GONNA BEAT ME IN THIS SHOW. NO MATTER WHAT!!



LUKE TAYLOR WAS RIDING TO A PHOTO FINISH WITH ABE CREW FOR TOP HONORS IN THE NATIONAL RODEO CIRCUIT. LUKE DIDN'T LIKE ABE EITHER. BUT THERE WAS AN EVEN STRONGER REASON WHY HE HAD SWORN HE WOULD BE THIS YEARS....

CHAMPION



LUKE'S PERFORMANCE IN THE SADDLE WAS A WORK OF ART. THE CROWD ROARED ITS APPROVAL AS THE ANIMAL BUCKED AND HIGH ROLLED. LUKE HAD THE FEELING THAT HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO WINNING IF HIS LUCK HELD OUT FOR THE REST OF THE DAY...



WHEN LUKE FINISHED...

A MIGHTY NICE JOB, LUKE...UH...OKAY IF YOU FEEL THAT WAY!



LUKE SAW THE REAL REASON FOR WANTING TO WIN THE CHAMPIONSHIP. SHE WAS STANDING BY, WAITING FOR HER ACT TO GO ON. NAN KENNEDY WAS ONE OF THE GIRLS IN THE TRICK RIDING ACT...

HI, NAN! HOPE MY OTHER RIDES GO OFF LIKE THE LAST ONE.

OH, LUKE!



OH, I HOPE YOU DOWN, FOR YOUR SAKE, LUKE! YOU WERE WONDERFUL IN YOUR SADDLE BRONC RIDING! SIMPLY MARVELOUS!

I'D FEEL A LOT BETTER IF MY TOUGHEST COMPETITION WASN'T COMING FROM AN HOMBRE OFF A DUDE RANCH.



MY FATHER, MY GRANDFATHER...YES MY GREAT-GRANDDAD, ALL OF THEM! THEY OPENED THE WEST, NAN! AND THEY KEPT IT OPEN! BUT CREW!... WHERE DOES HE COME FROM? A DUDE RANCH IN THE EAST! BAH!

I COME FROM AN EASTERN RANCH, LUKE. THE SAME RANCH AS ABE CREW CAME FROM.

I CAN'T ARGUE, NAN. I JUST CAN'T. WITH YOU IT'S DIFFERENT!



HE COULDN'T TELL HER HOW DIFFERENT IT WAS WITH OUT TELLING HER HIS PLANS. NAN HAD COME WITH HIS SHOW FROM ONE OF THE SMALLER SHOWS OF THE CIRCUIT. AND IN ALL HIS THIRTY-ONE YEARS HED NEVER GIVEN WOMEN A SECOND THOUGHT... UNTIL NAN CAME... BUT NOW...



I'VE GOT TO WIN TODAY! I'VE GOT TO!

LUKE WAS TENSE AS THE CHUTE OPENED FOR THE BAREBACK BRONC EXHIBITION. AND HE HOPED AGAINST HOPE THAT SOMEONE... ANYONE MIGHT WIN IT, EXCEPT ABE CREW. BUT JOE STREICHER WASN'T GOING TO HELP. HE SAW THAT AT ONCE...



AND HE SAW ONE AFTER THE OTHER LEAVE THOSE WILD BRONCS AND FLY THROUGH THE AIR. THEN ABE CREW CAME OUT AND LUKE KNEW ABE WOULD STAY THE TEN SECONDS REQUIRED.



LUKE WATCHED ALMOST WITHOUT SEEING. NAN WAS IN HER ACT NOW, BUT LUKE TAYLOR'S MIND WAS CALCULATING POINTS. SO FAR AS HE COULD RECKON, HE AND CREW WERE ABOUT EVEN. HED HAVE TO MAKE HIS RIDE ON THE BRAHMA BULL STICK OUT TO HOLD HIS OWN...



WHEN ABE CREW FINALLY LEFT HIS MOUNT, IT WAS ONLY AFTER HE HAD STAYED ALMOST A RECORD TIME ABOARD THE HURRICANE DECK. HE CHARTERED A NEAT TWELVE SECONDS. LUKE TAYLOR BIT HIS LIP. WISHED HE HAD REGISTERED FOR THE BAREBACK EVENT, FOR ABE CREW HAD WON!

SUDDENLY A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER BROKE INTO LUKE'S REVERIE...

YEAH!
WHAT
IS IT,
CREW?

I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE ME, LUKE. I KNOW YOU DON'T THINK I BELONG HERE. BUT I'M RIDING TO WIN. STILL I'M NOT GOING TO BE SORE IF YOU WIN, EITHER. WITH ME A FEW POINTS ONE WAY OR THE OTHER SHOULDN'T MAKE AN ENEMY!!



LUKE TAYLOR TURNED AND WALKED OFF. HE WANTED TO SOCK CREW, WANTED TO SHOUT AT HIM. HOW COULD CREW KNOW WHAT IT ALL MEANT?

HOW COULD HE KNOW... HOW COULD NAN KNOW... HOW MUCH IT MEANS TO WIN THE CHAMPIONSHIP? NAN DESERVES NOTHING BUT A CHAMPION... AND IF I DON'T WIN, HOW CAN I ASK HER TO MARRY ME?



TAYLOR COULDN'T KEEP AWAY FROM THE WILD HORSE RACE, EVEN IF HE HATED ABE CREW. CREW WAS IN THAT RACE TOO. IF HE WON THAT ONE!... HE SAW THE WILD MUSTANGS RACE OUT... HATING THEIR CAPTIVITY... LOOKING FOR ESCAPE...



HOLD ON, THERE, YOU ORNERY CRITTER!

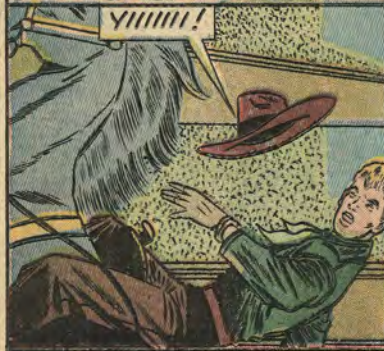


ABE CREW WAS FIRST TO SADDLE, BUT HE WAS NOT FAR AHEAD. AND THE HORSE HE HAD DRAWN WAS MEAN...

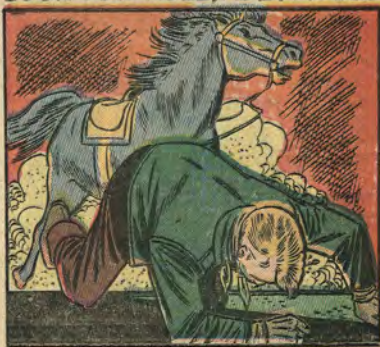


SUDDENLY ABE CREW'S HORSE LUNGED, AND...

YIIIIII!



LOOK OUT! ROLL, ABE! ROLL!



GET ABE AWAY!
I CAN'T HOLD ON
TO THIS CUSS!
HE'S MURDER!

ROLL ABE! DO YOU
HEAR? ROLL! ROLL!



IT WAS A FURIOUS SECOND OF ACTIVITY
BEFORE THE HORSE STRUCK. THEN...

OOOOOOWWW!!



DON'T KNOW HOW BAD HE'S
HURT, BUT I GOT TO GET
HIM AWAY!



HOW IS
IT, ABE?

DON'T KNOW, SHOULDER
FEELS LIKE MINCEMEAT!



LUKE DIDN'T WANT IT TO END THAT WAY, BUT HE LISTENED EAGERLY WHEN THE DOCTOR RAISED HIS HEAD AFTER EXAMINING ABE CREW...

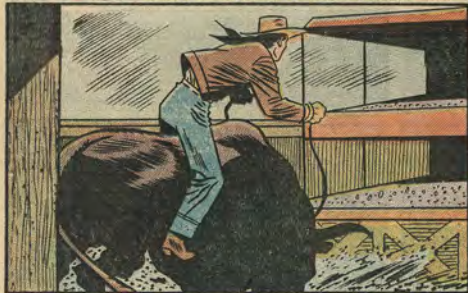
BROKEN COLLAR BONE. WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL.



I SURE WOULDN'T WANT ABE TO BE MESSED UP PERMANENTLY, BUT... A BROKEN COLLAR BONE... WELL! NOW IF I HAVE LUCK ON THE BRAHAMA BULL!



LUKE DREW AN EXTRA MEAN ANIMAL OF THE MEANEST OF ALL RODEO BEASTS, THE BRAHAMA BULLS. THE ENRAGED BEAST SNORTED ITS FURY AS IT CLEARED THE CHUTE, AND LUKE KNEW THAT IF HE COULD STAY ON FOR TEN SECONDS, IT WOULD BE MORE THAN LUCK... IT WOULD BE A MIRACLE...



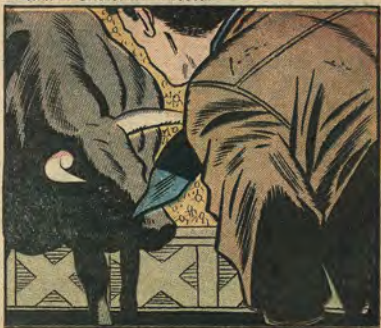
HE DIDN'T KNOW WHY HE STAYED ON. THE ROARING BULL WAS DOING ALL IT COULD TO GET HIM OFF. LUKE HELD HIS BREATH AND COUNTED SILENTLY... AND EACH FIFTH OF A SECOND BECAME AN ETERNITY...



LUKE TAYLOR HAD A VAGUE SENSE OF REALIZATION THAT HE HAD STAYED WITH THE SNORTING DEVIL AS LONG AS ANY MAN COULD... BUT HE HIT THE GROUND SUDDENLY, HIS WIND MOMENTARILY KNOCKED OUT OF HIM...



FOR JUST A SECOND OF TIME HE BLACKED OUT. AND WHEN HE CAME TO HE SAW DEATH CHARGING AT HIM IN SNORTING FURY...



HIS ACTIONS WERE AUTOMATIC. SOMETHING OUTSIDE OF HIS CONSCIOUSNESS TOLD HIM WHAT TO DO.



ALL AT ONCE IT WAS OVER AND THE CROWD WAS CHEERING AS LUKE GOT TO HIS FEET.



AS HE CAME OFF THE FIELD THE RODEO MANAGER MET HIM...

I GUESS YOU'RE THE CHAMP, LUKE. THE REPORTS AREN'T OFFICIAL, BUT NO ONE WAS EVEN CLOSE TO YOUR RECORD, EXCEPT ABE CREW... AND HE'S OUT...

IT'S GOOD TO HEAR...ER... SAY YOU HAVEN'T SEEN NAN AROUND... HAVE YOU?



SHE'S GONE TO THE HOSPITAL TO SEE HOW ABE'S COMING. SHE WAS PRETTY WORRIED.



HE COULDN'T WAIT TO TELL NAN. SO HE RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL. WHEN HE GOT THERE HE FOUND HER IN THE WAITING ROOM...

OH, LUKE! THEY'VE JUST SET ABE'S SHOULDER! HE'LL BE OKAY! DO YOU HEAR, LUKE! OH, THANK HEAVENS!

YOU MEAN...



SUDDENLY LUKE FELT THE FULL WEIGHT OF HIS YEARS. YES, HE FELT VERY OLD INDEED. WHAT RIGHT HAD HE TO BE THINKING OF... HADN'T HE ALWAYS SAID A GOOD HORSE WAS WORTH A DOZEN WOMEN? BESIDES, NAN WAS CRYING...

OH, LUKE... IF ANYTHING HAD HAPPENED TO HIM...

YEAH. I'VE BEEN PRETTY ROUGH ON THE KID. WE'LL GO SEE HIM TOGETHER.



EVENTUALLY THEY WERE ALLOWED TO GO INTO ABE'S ROOM. LUKE KNEW HE WOULDN'T STAY VERY LONG. FOR HE SAW FROM THE LIGHT IN NAN'S FACE THAT ABE WAS HER MAN. BUT HE WANTED TO SET THINGS STRAIGHT BETWEEN ABE AND HIMSELF BEFORE HE LEFT THE HOSPITAL. A CHAMPION WOULD HAVE TO DO THAT!



SHOCK TREATMENT

BY EDWIN GREEN



Laboratory workers in the field of physics used to be a pretty soft lot. But when they began to tap the enormous energies of the atom they got into the backyard of heavy industry where there are some very tough and very primitive bruisers still wandering around.

Big Joe Crawford was one of these. He was a welder on the billion-volt Havinghurst Project. You've been reading about it in the papers. It made the cyclotron obsolete when its 10,000-ton circular magnet went into operation after the starting ceremonies had been delayed a day by what the papers dismissed as "a construction accident." That so-called accident was Big Joe's contribution to the history of science.

The whole affair began the day that Dr. Burney, who was young and good-looking, brought his girl friend to visit the Project. She was younger and so much more than good-looking that the word "beautiful" seemed inadequate for describing her. As she and her doctor of science walked around the huge tunnel-shaped structure, Big Joe followed her with his eyes.

Dr. Burney was explaining that the magnet was wound with 140,000 feet of two-inch copper cable when Big Joe came out from behind his shield and began tagging along behind them. During that time he must have overheard the physicist mention her name, because that night he went to see her.

None of the men on the job ever learned what actually took place on the fateful night in question, but the next morning Dr. Burney came in like the wrath of Doomsday and made straight for the blue light that was Big Joe's torch. There were some angry words exchanged which ended with the scientist saying that if it happened again Big Joe Crawford would be fired instantly. Then Dr. Burney turned and stepped over the oxyacetylene tubes toward the ladder at the rim.

That is, he started to step over the tubes. At the same time Big Joe flipped the valve and turned back to his work so that the hose was raised—maybe deliberately—just enough to trip the physicist.

He fell from the rim down into the pit, striking his jaw on one of the vacuum pumps with about the same force and the same effect that he would have felt if Big Joe had socked him; the doctor's jaw was broken in three places.

But that wasn't THE accident.

A little thing like a broken jaw would never keep Dr. Burney from the completion festiv-

ities, and no one expected him to be gone longer than it would take to get patched up. As a matter of fact, he was back the following afternoon, one day before the ceremonies, looking like an Egyptian mummy.

He told the gang about his operation with as much relish as if he had been a suburban housewife describing her experience with a stork. Of all the details, it was the painlessness of the steel fracture splints that had been inserted into his jawbone like nails that most impressed him, and he all but unwound the gauze in his eagerness to impress the men as well.

The physicist did not remain very long, and he did not encounter Big Joe at all. Apparently he considered the matter of his affair with Crawford a closed incident, and from his remarks it was plain that he considered his fall to have been a careless misstep and nothing more.

On the morning of the next day everything was ready for the starting ceremonies even though the final finishing touches would not be put to the plant before the power was turned on and the first proton was launched toward its atomic target.

About ten o'clock the rectangular building adjoining the immense round room was alive with electricians, and some of them strung a large feed-line up to a test board and connected it with the input terminals of the magnet. Big Joe Crawford was working on the new-type accelerating-electrode housing at this point on the circumference of the vast chamber. Across the pit, 110 feet away from him and directly opposite, Dr. Burney appeared.

Slowly, he inspected the sector breaks as the gang cleaned up around the base of the giant iron doughnut. The great energy-storing fly-wheel was humming smoothly. The stage was set for the "accident."

Dr. Burney bent forward to look more closely at one of the frequency-modulation contacts. Big Joe Crawford at that precise moment swept off his mask and brought it down in one movement atop the temporary power-switch on the test board.

One hundred thousand kilowatts—the amount of electricity used by a whole city—surged into the magnet.

In Dr. Burney's jaw were fracture splints of steel and for them the magnet grasped with all its incredible strength. In a blinding split second those splints had clawed off half of his face and plastered it like a poultice on the tons of electrified iron. He had time to scream once, or maybe that was the shriek of the arc as the current was cut on the other side of the room. Anyway, they had to postpone the ceremonies.

After the long investigation was over, it was said that Big Joe Crawford went out West and took a job in the shipyards where the only beautiful girls he had to think about were mermaids.

SOMETIMES A MAN CAN CARRY SPITE TOO FAR;
THAT'S WHAT FRITZ HILL DID. JUST WHEN IT WAS
TIME TO...

BLAST



FRITZ??

WHO GAVE
THAT
SIGNAL?

I WAS AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL
JOB WHEN IT HAPPENED. THE LAST
BLAST THEY WERE GOING TO MAKE.
AND UP TO THAT POINT THERE HAD
NOT BEEN AN ACCIDENT. THAT'S
WHAT BURNED DAN CULLEN AS
MUCH AS ANYTHING...

CONFOUND IT,
FRITZ! WHAT'S
THE MATTER
WITH YOU? I
DIDN'T GIVE
YOU ANY
SIGNAL!?

THAT'S NOT THE
WAY I SAW IT,
CULLEN! YOU
DROPPED
YOUR ARM!



YOU KNOW I
DIDN'T! THE
MEN WEREN'T
EVEN OUT OF
THE TUNNEL!
YOUR EYES
GOING BACK
ON YOU?

I BEEN WITH THE
ACKER ENGINEER-
ING COMPANY A
SIGHT LONGER
YOU, CULLEN! IF
THEY HAD MADE
ME FOREMAN
HERE, INSTEAD
OF YOU, IT
WOULDN'TA
HAPPENED!



DON
HECK

SO THAT'S IT! WELL
I'M NOT RISKING
THE LIVES OF ANY
MORE MEN, FRITZ.
YOU'RE THROUGH!

YOU!
...YOU
CAN'T
FIRE
ME!



I SAID YOU'RE
THROUGH. GET
YOUR TIME AT
THE PAYMASTER'S
OFFICE, FRITZ!

I'LL FIX
YOU, CULLEN!
NOBODY
FIRES ME
AND GETS
AWAY WITH
IT. I'LL FIX
YOU GOOD!



LATER IN THE SUPERINTENDENT'S
OFFICE...

FRITZ HILL IS
A GOOD POWDER
MAN DAN! WHAT
HAPPENED?

YOU KNOW ME, MR.
CRAIG. I WOULDN'T
FIRE A GUY UNLESS
HE DESERVED IT.
LET'S SAY HE GOT
CARELESS. ALMOST
CRIMINALLY
NEGLIGENT!



THE TUNNEL WAS FINISHED THAT WEEK.
DURING THE WEEK'S AFTERWARD DAN
HAD TO BLAST SOLID ROCK OUT OF THE
WAY OF A NEW MOUNTAIN ROAD. A TOUGH
JOB AND HE LOVED IT. HE HAD BEEN A
POWDER MONKEY FOR TWELVE YEARS.
DYNAMITE WAS IN HIS BLOOD. HE COM-
PLETELY FORGOT ABOUT FRITZ HILL,
UNTIL...

A FEW
DAYS
AFTER
FRITZ
CALLED
ON THE
SUPER-
INTENDENT
HE MADE
A PURCHASE
IN
ANOTHER
CITY
THIRTY
MILES
AWAY...

LOOKS LIKE
YOU'RE GOIN'
TO DO SOME
BLASTIN'
MISTER.

YEP GOT A WELL TO
DIG. FIGURE I'M LIKE
TO COME ON SOME
ROCK, LOTS OF IT...



SAW FRITZ
HILL AT THE
SUPER'S
OFFICE,
DAN!

YEAH. HE WANTED
CRAIG TO TAKE HIM
BACK. I TURNED
THUMBS DOWN.
"TOO RISKY."
MAYBE LATER...



ON THE NIGHTS THAT
FOLLOWED FRITZ WORK-
ED LIKE A FIEND...

WHEN I GET THROUGH, I'LL
SHOW DAN SOMETHING HE
NEVER KNEW ABOUT
DYNAMITE, IF HE EVER
KNOWS WHAT HIT HIM!



CULLEN WON'T DRILL UP
HERE ON TOP SO THEY
WON'T SEE THESE
CHARGES. WHEN I BLAST
IT WILL SET OFF THEIR'S
TOO AND BLOW UP THE
WHOLE LOUSY CREW!



AS THE JOB NEARED ITS FINISH, FRITZ HILL KEPT WATCH FROM CONCEALMENT ABOVE. AT LAST....

AS SOON AS I FINISH TAMPING HERE, DAN WE'LL BE THROUGH. JUST HAVE TO ATTACH ITS DETONATING CAP AND THE LAST ONE WILL BE READY TO BLOW.

GOOD! ALL OTHER WIRES AND CAPS ATTACHED, BOYS?

ALL BUT THESE FEW, BOSS!



WHILE ABOVE...

IT WON'T BE LONG, NOW! WHEN THESE BURNING FUSES HIT THAT DYNAMITE... 50 LONG CULLEN!



GOT TO GET AWAY! NO TIME TO LOSE NOW!



ONCE OVER THIS ROCK AND I'LL MAKE PLENTY OF TIME DOWN THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN!... ONLY WISH I COULD WAIT TO WATCH IT HAPPEN!



FRITZ HILL LITTLE REALIZED HOW SOON FATE WOULD GIVE HIM HIS WISH...

AI-Y-Y-Y-Y I'M FALLING BACK DOWN!



WITH A SICKENING THUD FRITZ HILL FELL AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF BEHIND THE LEDGE, LANDING BETWEEN THE CLIFF AND A LARGE BOULDER...



MEANWHILE...

I'D SAY WE OUGHT TO BLAST TO-MORROW MORN-- HEY, LISTEN!

IF THAT'S NOT A DYNAMITE FUSE SPUTTERING, I'M NO POWDER MONKEY! IT'S FROM UP ABOVE!

DYNAMITE FUSE! YOU'RE CRAZY, DAN...

"HOIST ME UP OVER THE LEDGE," DAN COMMANDED. THE MEN STANDING ON THE SCAFFOLDING, BRACING AGAINST THE ROCK, HELD HIM AND THEN PUSHED UPWARD...

IT'S DYNAMITE ALL RIGHT! HEAVE A LITTLE MORE! AND HURRY! FOR PETE SAKE, HURRY!!

IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO BE IN A DOZEN PLACES AT ONCE, DAN THREW HIS BODY AT THE SPUTTERING FUSES...

LET'S HOPE I GET THEM ALL!!

HOW HE GOT THE FUSES OUT IN TIME, DAN COULD NEVER QUITE REMEMBER. BUT SOON...

WHO COULD HAVE DONE THAT? ... SOMEBODY... BUT WHO...

SOMEBODY LOOKING FOR REVENGE. ONLY ONE GUY I CAN THINK OF! SCOUR THESE HILLS, BOYS! ALTHOUGH HE'S PROBABLY A GOOD WAYS OFF NOW!

HOURS LATER...

WELL, I RECKON WHOEVER DID IT, HAS HIGH TAILED IT OFF WHERE WE'LL NEVER FIND HIM.

YEAH, WE MAY AS WELL STOP LOOKING.

WELL, SINCE THERE'S NO TRACE OF ANYONE AROUND HERE, I THINK WE HAD BETTER BLAST RIGHT NOW... BEFORE MORE DEVILISH PLANS HAVE TIME TO GET THEMSELVES HATCHED!!

PERHAPS IT WAS SOME SIXTH SENSE THAT BROUGHT FRITZ TO... JUST AS...

ALL'S CLEAR!... ALL'S CLEARER!

LET HER GO!

WHA... NO! NO! HELP!

DAN'S WORDS
"LET HER GO"
WERE THE
SIGNAL FOR
THE MAN AT
THE BLASTER
TO DRIVE
HOME THE
PLUNGER
AND SET
OFF THE
BLAST...
THIS HE
DID.....

FOR AN
INSTANT
THE WHOLE
MOUNTAIN
SEEMED
TO TREMBLE
AND THEN
ROCK AND
EARTH AND
TREE ROAR-
ED AND ROSE
TO THE SKY
AND FELL
LIKE
THUNDER..



AND IN JUST A FLEETING HORRIFIED
GLIMPSE FRITZ HILL SAW WHAT WAS
IN STORE FOR HIM. HE WOULD HAVE
BEEN QUITE SAFE IN SPITE OF THE
BLAST HAD NOT THE CHARGES HE
PLACED ON TOP OF THE LEDGE NOT
STARTED AN AVALANCHE OF EARTH...



AND WITH
A RUMBLING
LIKE
THUNDER
THE EARTH
BENEATH
HIM BEGAN
TO MOVE.
UNTIL IT
RUSHED
DOWNWARD
LIKE RIVER
RAPIDS,
GRINDING
HIM IN ITS
MASSIVE
TONNAGE.



IT WAS SOON AFTERWARD THAT THE ENGINEER CAME WITH THE SUPERINTENDENT AND DAN AND THE CREW. ON THE WAY DAN TOLD MR. CRAIG ABOUT FRITZ HILL...

WELL, IT'S A NEAT PIECE OF BLASTING, IN SPITE OF FRITZ, YOU'VE CUT IN AN ALMOST PERFECT LINE FOR THE ROAD, DAN.

THE TRUTH IS, I'M RATHER PLEASED WITH THE JOB MYSELF.

HEY, DAN! MR. CRAIG! LOOK!

WHERE?... WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



SOMEBODY'S BURIED! COULD IT BE... FRITZ? GET A SHOVEL CREW QUICK! HE MAY BE ALIVE!

WE SEARCHED HALF THE AFTERNOON, AFTER WE FOUND THE FUSES, MR. CRAIG. DON'T SEE HOW WE COULD HAVE MISSED HIM!



A RUSH CALL FOR THE MEDICAL EXAMINER WAS PUT THROUGH. MEANWHILE THE MEN DUG FRANTICALLY. THEY KNEW IT WAS TOO LATE, EVEN BEFORE THE MEDICAL MAN TURNED AND SAID...

DEAD... ANYBODY KNOW HIM?

YES... FRITZ HILL!



BETTER COME TO THE OFFICE WITH ME, DAN! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A COMPLETE REPORT.

LOOKS AS IF HE GOT CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP. TOO BAD HE WAS SUCH A DARN FOOL. HE WAS A MIGHTY GOOD DYNAMITE MAN, DAN.

YES, MIGHTY GOOD. FRITZ JUST PLAYED WITH THE WRONG DYNAMITE, THAT'S ALL!



THE END.

NEW BODIES FOR OLD!



**I've Made New Men Out of
Thousands of Other Fellows...**

**"Here's what I did for
THOMAS MANFRE... and
what I can do for you!"**

— Charles Atlas

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Atlas Championship Cup won by Thomas Manfre, one of Charles Atlas' pupils.

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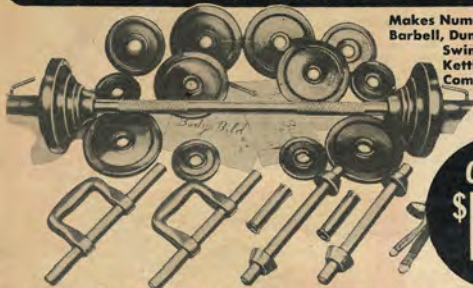
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